PROLOGUE TO THE COURT;

On the QUEEN's *Birth-Day*, 1704.

THE Happy Muſe, to this high Scene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in Loftier Strains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual Theme,
Shall Sing of Virtue and Heroick Fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe Toil upon the Stage,
And fruitleſs War with Vice and Folly wage;
No more in mean Diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And Shapes ſhe would reform be forc'd to wear:
While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
And break the Mirror that reflects their Shame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a Nobler Task,
Shew her bright Virgin Face, and ſcorn the Satyr's Mask.
Happy her future Days! which are deſign'd
Alone to Paint the Beauties of the Mind.
By Juſt Originals to draw with Care,
And Copy from the Court a Faultleſs Fair:

Such

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Such Labours with Succeſs her Hopes may crown,
And ſhame to Manners an incorrigible Town.

While this Deſign her eager Thought purſues,
Such various Virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring Flight,
ONE only awes her with Superior Light.
From that Attempt the Conſcious Muſe retires,
Nor to Inimitable Worth aſpires;
But ſecretly Applauds, and ſilently Admires.

Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial Ray
That firſt enliven'd this Auſpicious Day:
On that Bright Star, to whoſe Indulgent Pow'r
We owe the Bleſſings of the Preſent Hour.
Concurring Omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with One Sacred Birth, an equal Date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By Foreign Conqueſt, or Domeſtick Peace.

Then, *Britain*, then thy Dawn of Bliſs begun!
Then broke the Morn that lighted up this Sun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe Councils ſhould ſucceed;
And by whoſe Arm the Chriſtian World be freed;
Then the fierce Foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the Battel won at BLENHEIM's Glorious Field.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon*, 1705.

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F. E. Chase Fund
November 13, 1943